

THE TRIBUNE'S FOREIGN NEWS

AMERICAN WOMEN SAVE THE SEASON IN LONDON

Their Dinners, Dances and Garden Parties Have Been Sole Redeeming Feature.

MRS. ASTOR MAKES RULES

Insists on Regulating the Behavior of Guests—Duchesses of Marlborough and Manchester Active.

[By Cable to The Tribune.] London, July 19.—Had it not been for American hostesses, the London season of 1913, flat as it was, would have been still flatter. American hostesses, big and little, have saved the situation by dinners, dances, garden parties and other social festivities.

Mrs. John Astor has given several dances and, by the way, lays down strict rules and regulations for the behavior of her guests, frowning on freak dances, unlike other Americans, for instance Mrs. James McDonald, who first introduced a modified tango at her beautiful house, in Cadogan Square. Mrs. McDonald's dinner parties, too, are quite the feature of Anglo-American entertainments. The Duchess of Manchester's dances and dinners, at which many of the members of the "old royal set" have appeared, have been among the most prominent affairs of the season, and the Duchess of Marlborough opened Sunderland House several times.

Mrs. Joseph Stickle, until her marriage to Prince Aymon de Lucigne Paucigny the other day, entertained at her Mayfair House.

Lady Paget has given a number of interesting dinner parties at her house in Belgrave Square.

Mrs. Magee Popular Hostess.

Another popular American hostess is Mrs. John Magee, who, as soon as the Riviera season opens, expects to take a villa either at Cannes or Monte Carlo. The Duchess of Marlborough, who on Wednesday was a guest of the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia at the Savoy, looked beautiful in white and silver. She wore a rope of pearls. Although so full of social engagements, the duchess still has time to give to charity, which is shown by her visit on Thursday evening to the West Ham Hospital, where she chatted with the patients and distributed prizes to the nurses, won at the annual examination.

Both the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough gave big house parties. At the duke's were the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Earl and Countess of Drogheda, Viscount and Viscountess Curzon, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, Mrs. Hall Walker and Miss Wilson.

The duchess entertained the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, the Earl and Countess of Granard and Lord Basil Blackwood.

The Earl and Countess of Granard gave another big dinner. The guests included Viscount Churchill, Viscount and Viscountess Curzon, Mr. and Mrs. McKenna, Lord Annerley and Ogden Mills.

Lady Decies Gives Reception. Lady Decies gave a reception at Sefton Park in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Present were the Marquise of Sanmartino, Lady Carysfort and Lady Knarborough.

The last big function of the season of the Society of American Women in London, which, by the way, is seeking a new house, was given by Mrs. Selfridge on Tuesday, when she entertained David Starr Jordan at her Arlington street house, the former home of the Earl of Yarborough. Dr. Jordan made a short talk. The Society of American Women probably will leave the present house, in South Audley street, for a fine old Queen Anne mansion in Dean street, really one of the most interesting houses in London, for decorations by Hogarth and his father-in-law, Sir James Whitborne, who was court painter and did Queen Anne's portrait, are in the house. Panels all over the walls show work of both artists. The other day, when the American women were looking at the house, they found some of Sir Isaac Newton's visiting cards hidden behind an old picture frame.

Dr. Jordan spoke on Monday at the Duchess of Marlborough's party, on eugenics. He is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover at their house in Hornton street, where he had an afternoon reception on Wednesday, when Mrs. Gotto, the honorary secretary of the Eugenic Society, spoke. Dr. Jordan is enjoying hearing the views of the other sex.

Americans in London.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander and Mrs. J. B. Martin have gone to Paris, whence Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont have just returned to the Ritz. J. J. Van Alen is at the same hotel, as well as Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bliss, who have just arrived from Paris, and Mrs. F. W. Whitridge and Miss Joan Whitridge, who have come to London from their country house.

Charles B. Dillingham, the theatrical manager, is now at the Carlton with his new wife, after a long honeymoon on the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Endicott have returned from a fortnight in Paris, and Barbour Lathrop is back from Carlsbad.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Campbell and son Douglas have been motoring in the English provinces.

When Lady Craven returns from Baden Baden, where she is now with Mrs. Bradley Martin and Frederick Townsend Martin, she will go with

AMERICAN HOSTESSES WHO HAVE HELPED SAVE THE LONDON SEASON. THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH. THE COUNTESS OF GRANARD. LADY ARTHUR PAGET.



Lord Craven to Combe Abbey, their home near Coventry, for the shooting season. Mrs. Martin when she returns to London will go to Balmacan for a time and then visit Lady Craven.

Lillian Russell and her husband, Alexander P. Moore, and "Al" Hayman are all guests at the Savoy.

Percy Pyne's party has left the Berkeley for the Continent, and Mr. and Mrs. August Belmont have returned to the hotel from the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury have gone to the country for a week, and Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt are on a yachting tour. John H. McFadden went to Carlsbad on Thursday. J. J. Sinclair has gone to Paris.

Judge Nathan Bijur has gone to the North Cape with Dr. Norton Downs.

Mrs. Joan T. Anderson and John F. Wilkinson left for Paris on Tuesday.

Mrs. Chauncey Mitchell Depew gave a young people's dinner party in the ballroom of the Ritz, which was afterwards turned into an impromptu dance. Ex-Senator Depew and Lady Cooper left their private rooms to watch the spectacle. The former Senator seemed to enjoy it.

James A. Burden is expecting his family shortly from America. They will not stay long in London, as they have taken a place in Scotland for the shooting.

Registered at Claridge's this week were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hyde, who have been staying very quietly in London and not entertaining much, but motoring a good deal and visiting country houses. They return to New York to-day. Mrs. Charles Sheffield and son, who are also there, are going to Switzerland. Mr. and Mrs. William Dodge are going to Scotland for the fishing on the 23d, and then to the Continent, unless Mr. Dodge is recalled to America.

Colonel Harvey Entertains.

Colonel George Harvey had a very successful supper party on Saturday night in honor of Miss Elizabeth Miller, who made her debut as Magdalena in "Rigoletto" with Madame Melba, who was also at the supper.

Bucklands, which for over half a century entertained so many distinguished New York families, is now the temporary home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jennings. Mr. and Mrs. Beckman Winthrop, Grenville Winthrop and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson, Mrs. Litchfield and the Misses Litchfield, of Brooklyn, who have been at Bucklands several weeks, are soon going to an estate in the North of Scotland, where they will be joined by Mr. Litchfield, who is taking the cure on the Continent.

Peter Jay, diplomatic agent at Cairo, called at the American Embassy on Monday. Mr. Jay is on two months' leave, but will not return to New York, as he expects his mother and father to join him here for a motoring tour.

SCOTLAND YARD STAMPED WITH WALDO'S APPROVAL

N. Y. Commissioner Finds London Police Efficient—Now Goes to Investigate Paris.

[By Cable to The Tribune.] London, July 19.—After spending much of his time in London at Scotland Yard, Police Commissioner Waldo goes to Paris to-morrow.

"I have visited the various district headquarters and police schools," said the Commissioner, in an interview, "and I find about the same system as we have in New York. That is, what I term centralized control, with decentralized administration, placing the responsibility far down in the organization. Two very good ideas are seen here. One is that they give policemen a very good general education—and I may say incidentally that the Swedish drilling keeps down the bay window effect so characteristic of New York policemen. The second is that, while at home we have men in the station house on reserve eight hours every three days, here the unmarried men live in the station house. These men while not on duty have perfect liberty, and still they are always at the station house in case of sudden emergency. Scotland Yard is getting results, but we are, too, in New York."

Commissioner Waldo was not willing to make a statement about the attacks made upon him by newspapers and by the Curran committee, but evidently he is well satisfied not only with his position but with the present organization, especially Deputy Commissioner Dougherty, for whom he has the highest praise. He did say the other day, however, in a sarcastic vein, that "certain reform investigators think the uniform force should be distributed according to population, and that the relative value of the detective force should be determined mathematically, although these ideas are absurd."

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MRS. JOHN ASTOR.



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UNDRESS SHOCKS LONDON

Diaphanous Gowns, Stunning Imagination, Evoke Protests.

[By Cable to The Tribune.]

London, July 19.—The rapid progress of London society women in the art of undressing to appear in the street and at afternoon affairs brought out this week the expected protests from shocked modesty and decorum. London hesitated for a full season and a half before following Paris in the discarding of all articles of women's wear not apparent to the casual observer, but once the Britons fully grasped the idea they stripped to fighting tights with wonderful rapidity, and now an afternoon walk in Piccadilly or Regent street leaves little to the imagination. The most vigorous of the protesters against the season's fashions thus describes them in a letter to "The Times":

"What is patent to the least observant nowadays is that women wear almost nothing under their gowns, even in the daytime. Petticoats went some time back, and were replaced by tights, or were not replaced. Stockings are of such diaphanous silk as to embarrass the beholder, who sees even in the street so much of them—and they are not covered by any but court shoes. So much for the foundation. Over this is worn a filmy sheath of half transparent material, cut almost as low in the day as at night, and with such slashes and liftings in the skirt as fully to display the leg half way up to the knee, and to show every movement of the limbs, and almost of the muscles."

"The story is going the round of Paris in which it is told that an Englishwoman was offered a dress with the following inducement to tempt her: Madame sera satisfaite de cette robe, car en mettant un ruban rose dessous madame aura l'air complètement nue (Madame will be satisfied with this dress, for in putting rose colored ribbon underneath she will present the appearance of being wholly nude). Certainly there is an orgy of undressing going on, and it shows no signs of abating."

But almost as interesting as the fashions is the cause discovered by the same writer, who lays women's undressing to Premier Asquith. The writer compares the fashion of to-day with the director's excesses following the French Revolution, and says that the present "bacchanal rage has fallen upon women at a time when much is in the melting pot; at a time of world restlessness, with war abroad, with a constitutional crisis at home, with social misery everywhere. It is difficult to determine how much of our almost bare feet and our quite bare arms we owe to Mr. Asquith's indifference to stable government, or to the anarchy in the political and artistic world."

The suffrage agitation is another explanation offered by a famous nerve specialist, who says: "Exaggeration in fashions of dress undoubtedly can be traced to the militant suffrage campaign. Underlying the present craze for undressing is the desire to emphasize feminism."

"Militarism has done more than is suspected to upset the former delicate relations of the sexes. The militants claim the rights and privileges of men. Many of them make their costumes approximate the attire of men, with severely plain tweed skirt, shirt blouse, tie, solid and serviceable boots. There is even imitation of the undressed feet. Many of them almost look like men."

The consequence is that other women, who have no sympathy with such ideals and methods, are led to stress on points which distinguish them from the other sex, and seek to attire themselves in a manner which experience indicates is the most alluring—the gown which suggests what it conceals—soft, clinging fabrics which outline the curves of the body."

TEACH ENGLISH BASEBALL

American Boys Show Harrow Pupils How to Play Game.

[By Cable to The Tribune.]

London, July 19.—The first time baseball ever was played at an English public school was this afternoon, when teams from a group of American school-boys showed Harrow the game. A party of ninety-four, including sixty-five boys fifteen to eighteen years old from various schools in the United States; fifteen masters, six of them accompanied by their wives, arrived in London yesterday, after landing at Glasgow a week ago off the liner Athenia, from Montreal.

This first tour of American boys through English public schools is affording them an opportunity to absorb the ideals and atmosphere of the boys of the big British preparatory institutions. The boys come from well known American schools, such as Culver, Lawrenceville, Mercersburg, Chicago Latin and Worcester, each boy being selected by the head of his institution as best fitted to make the trip.

They were entertained at Glasgow by the students of the Union and then went to the Shakespeare country and through the Trossachs. They stopped at Rugby and watched the cricket games with deepest interest and some scorn. Dr. David, the headmaster of Rugby, was so impressed by the fine looking, intelligent, upstanding boys that he told F. J. Haley, who was in charge of the party, that American boys had leaped 100 per cent in his opinion.

The boys, after having luncheon at Oxford, will go to Westminster Abbey under the escort of Ambassador Page to-morrow and on Monday will go to Eton, on Tuesday to Winchester and on Wednesday to Cambridge. After the English trip is over they will tour the Continent and then go to a hotel rented for them at Lake Lucerne, and from that point will make camping tours and take mountain climbs. They will return via the Mediterranean, arriving home on September 8.

The boys are very dignified and polite when occasion demands, but nevertheless, are typically boyish and a typical example of young America seeing the ancient countries for the first time.

While The Tribune correspondent was talking to Mr. Haley this afternoon one boy wearing a white tennis hat which fitted him like the skin does a grape burst into the room, dressed in evening clothes, but with a white necktie hanging down his shirt front. He cried breathlessly: "Mr. Haley, can you tie a bow tie?"

The Tribune correspondent volunteered, tied seven ties and received admiring thanks from the growing Americans, who reached the theatre just in time to see the opening curtain of "The Girl on the Film," a popular musical comedy.

NEW TERROR OF THE SEAS

The Queen Elizabeth Will Be England's Finest Warship.

London, July 12.—Some time during October the new battleship Queen Elizabeth will be launched at Portsmouth dockyard. It is not yet known who will perform the ceremony, but some competition is anticipated for the honor of naming the finest warship yet built.

Not the least important of the new features in her design will be the 15-inch gun. The Queen Elizabeth will be the first British warship to mount this formidable weapon.

Considerations of national expediency make it inadvisable that the number she will carry or the strength of her secondary armament should be disclosed at present. She will, however, be far and away the most powerfully armed man-of-war, and one of the fastest.

LONDON SEASON WANING

Goodwood and Cowes Only Big Features in Future.

QUEEN WILL CUT RACES

Lady Lionel Phillips's Party at Claridge's to Rival Famous Teano Ball.

[By Cable to The Tribune.]

London, July 19.—Goodwood and Cowes are the chief things the society is looking forward to now, for the season is flagging out. Two big social events next week will be the court ball on Wednesday and Lady Lionel Phillips's party at Claridge's on Thursday for the South African visitors. On Tuesday the chapel of the Order of the Bath in Westminster Abbey will be rededicated.

Mrs. Lowther will give an at home at the Speaker's house on Thursday, and the same evening the Duchess of Portland entertains the leaders of the Union's party in her Grosvenor Square house.

The Phillips party will be one of the biggest things London has ever known, and practically the whole hotel will be needed to accommodate the 15,000 guests invited, and the occasion is expected to rival the famous ball given by the Princess Teano at Rome. Pink roses will be hung from wires from the ceiling all over the hotel, and buffet tables will be adorned with growing orange trees. The ballroom, full of red roses and carnations, is expected to be the most wonderful flower show ever seen in London. Even the carriage drive will be made into gardens.

Rain Spoils Garden Party.

Burdett-Coutts's garden party at Holly Lodge was abandoned because it rained, and his friends were entertained in Stratton street. In spite of the hurry the house was beautifully decorated. A "bassador" and Mrs. Page were present, also the Danish and Argentine ministers, Viscount Crichton, Lady Milbank, Colonel and Mrs. Fludyer, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew and Mrs. Lewis Harcourt. Like most impromptu entertainments this went perhaps better than the specially arranged party.

A big dinner party was given on Monday night at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy. Many royalties were present, including ex-King Manuel of Portugal, Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, Princess Teano, Marquis de Soveral, the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie, Mrs. George Keppel, Miss Keppel, Lady Holford and Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

The pleasure of her son's engagement to the Duchess of Fife has been a great aid to restoring the health of the Duchess of Connaught, and her nurse now says that in six months she will be stronger than ever. However, she is still very frail and pulled down. She spends a large part of the time in a glass house specially built in her garden or takes short drives in a specially constructed, smoothly running electric motor. Whispers going around the army that when Prince Arthur is older he will follow the footsteps of the Duke of Cambridge and rank as commander in chief have been revived to his benefit.

An Interesting Engagement.

An interesting engagement announced last week is that of the Earl of Rocksavage, heir of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, and Miss Sybil Sassoon, sister of Sir Philip Sassoon, M. P. The bride is a pretty brunette, well known in the racing world, and Lord Rocksavage is one of the best English polo players.

The Queen is not expected to go to Goodwood, and in consequence men attending the fashionable races will not be expected to wear their toppers, which are de rigueur when her majesty is present. The King will be entertained by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood House.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Hawkshaw, with Lord Drouse and John F. Mahon, left for a shooting trip in the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. Hawkshaw is a grandson of the famous English engineer, Sir John Hawkshaw, who made an enormous fortune out of engineering.

TAMMANY MEN IN LONDON

Declare Party Has Not Been Hurt by the Cohalan Case.

[By Cable to The Tribune.]

London, July 19.—The Ceil lobby looked like a meeting of Tammany Hall yesterday morning, for a party of braves, including Justice John J. Delany, Judge Thomas F. McAvoy, Thomas F. Smith, William P. Rooney and Theodore W. Delany sat about in close converse. It is said, however, that they are not endeavoring to introduce the tiger into England and are merely on a pleasure trip. They landed from the Cedric a fortnight ago and have been to Ireland, where, by the way, they saw Richard Croker.

"He gave no political advice," said Judge Delany, "and, indeed, did not talk politics and only showed us his farm. We are accompanying Smith, who is on his first trip, and are trying to show him all the sights. We are going on the Continent soon."

The Tammany men said that the organization was never in better shape than now and declared emphatically that the party had not been hurt by the Cohalan affair, for he had done nothing wrong and the legislative action was a complete and sincere vindication.

When asked about New York's Governor, they said:

"Oh, the Sulzer bottle is cracked now. We must say, however, the breach of promise suit that has been raked up against him is a mean attack, and it is a shame that it should be brought up."



LORD LONSDALE.

Lonsdale Dances His Way Into Whitechapel's Heart.

London, July 12.—"The Sporting Peer." Lord Lonsdale, reached the apex of his career, in popular estimation, when he danced a measure on the tanbark of the horse show arena with the gaily clad wife of a Whitechapel coster. There are other sporting peers, but Lonsdale is "The Sporting Peer" in the estimation of the populace. His good natured face adorned with intensely auburn hair and old-fashioned side whiskers, his silk hat worn always far back on his head, and his big clear, are the outstanding points of one of the most popular and best known characters in England.

Lord Lonsdale is the Pooh-Bah of the horse show. He competes with the horses in interest. When this year he grabbed a rake and turned to, helping the grooms smooth the ground during the jumping, the spectators gave him a great cheer. When the delegation of costers, uniformed in corduroys, thickly spangled with pearl buttons, brought their donkeys into the ring to be judged, his lordship greeted an old friend with "What ho, Bill!" He passed his cigars around, and one coster woman lighted a weed.

After the judging of donkeys the costers gave an exhibition of dancing, and Lord Lonsdale led the first number with a partner, whose costume would have made Joseph's coat of many colors appear like a mourning gown.

Lord Lonsdale is one of the best judges of horseflesh in England, is a Master of Hounds—a position ranking almost with an Archbishop's—is a leading light of the Coaching Club, shoots, boxes and plays billiards. Only recently he pursued a pickpocket through a crowded street, caught the man and handed him to the police.

LONDON GIVES BERLIN ALL-NIGHT FAREWELL

Wilson Mizner Stages Function Attended by Well Known Broadway Folk.

[By Cable to The Tribune.]

London, July 19.—Irving Berlin, who sailed last Wednesday on the Kronprinz Wilhelm, spent the fading hours of his visit here at a dinner party given for him by Wilson Mizner, who, in order to make Berlin feel perfectly at home, gathered up a large slice of Broadway and set it down at the Rendezvous Restaurant, in Soho, where, by the way, the carefree Mizner secured an all-night license so the occasion would not be interrupted.

The party began at midnight Tuesday and continued until Berlin was escorted to the boat train at 8:30 o'clock in the morning by "mobs of low persons, evil characters and mountebanks chosen haphazard from Berlin's intimates," as Mizner described them in the menu he wrote in a picturesque style, no doubt acquired while he was a student at the National Institute of Guatemala, in 1889.

Mizner entitled the evening, or, rather, morning, "The Great American Drama, 'The Getaway,'" by George Broadhurst, and the erstwhile Klondyker, who, it will be remembered, once said: "I was certainly not an adventurer when I came to New York, for I had \$7.50 in my pocket," had staged a cast of "bad characters," including Eddie Madden, Jack Wilson, Henry Clive, Berlin and others and featuring Grace Washburn as "Little Daisy, the Village Belle," and Evelyn Nesbit Thaw as "Sunshine, a Home Girl."

When the napkins "rang up midnight," as the menu put it, some fifty persons who usually are to be found any day in the neighborhood of Times Square sat down, including Edna Wallace Hopper, Dorothy Jarden, Beth Tate and husband, William Hurley; Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Levi, Bonita, Lord Dangan, who besides being a chorus man at the Gaiety is a son of Earl Cowley, and his fiancée, Pearl Aufrere, the postcard beauty of England; Belle Storr, known as the Tetraxini of vaudeville, and Fred Ward, Josephine Howard, who took a trip to Paris a few weeks ago to request Mrs. Marie Barnes to please not kill herself on the occasion of De Munn's marriage; the Hedges brothers, Jacobsen, Nell Leslie, Teddie Gerrard and lots of others.

Berlin sang all the songs he ever wrote during the intervals between tangoes and bunny hugs, and other professionals added neat, delicate touches to the sweet, simple scene in the restaurant where, as described by Mizner, "the interior decorations were all by John Dewar."

NEW ARTILLERY FOR GERMANY

Fleet of Cruisers for Foreign Service Also Planned.

Berlin, July 19.—The German War Ministry is preparing a bill to supply the army with new artillery, according to the "Militarisch-Politische Korrespondenz," which is usually well informed on military matters.

From the same source it is learned that the German Ministry of Marine already has prepared a bill providing for a fleet of cruisers for foreign service.

REFORMERS IN LONDON AIM TO HIT GAMBLING

About to Undertake Purging the English Capital's "Square Mile of Infamy."

PLAYING ON THE INCREASE

Gaming Houses Flourishing in Large Numbers and Enormous Sums Lost by Persons in High Positions.

[From The Tribune Correspondent.]

London, July 12.—It seems not at all improbable that certain zealous reformers are about to undertake the purging of that "square mile of infamy" of which Leicester Square is the heart—not so disastrous as New York's Tenderloin or so alluring as the Parisian Montmartre, but truly reeking in vice, and very sordid vice, too.

One of the first things the crusaders will fling their lances against is the gambling epidemic, which, to use a time-worn simile, but nevertheless applicable in this particular, is eating into London like a cancer. There is probably more play in England's capital this summer than ever before. Of course, the more picturesque high stake games which spot the West End as the stars of the night attract most attention, but other parts of London, even the low East End and the shabby-genteel Bloomsbury, are affected by this corrupting disease.

Gambling is not new in England. It has gone on for ages and ages, but since the time of those Georges who frequented Bath it has increased in alarming magnitude. The Englishman, believing in his heart of hearts that he is always, above everything, a sportsman, is willing to wager or bet on almost anything, and what is termed the smart set seems to be just as "sporting" as the rest of the populace.

Stories of gambling in clubs and private houses all over the West End are in the papers and the hotel lobbies every day. In Mayfair and Belgrave alone, it is estimated, there are at least a hundred private houses at which the popular clients de fer is played. The chief form of temptation is to ask the guest to a champagne supper, and these guests, knowing what is in store, go prepared to have a little "water," which sometimes costs them thousands of pounds. Large sums are lost and won on the tables every night, and many gaming house keepers are said to make profits of \$2500 between sundown and sunrise.

Only this week a visitor who figures prominently in public life lost \$100,000 in one game, and a stock broker was said to have lost \$50,000. These particular losses occurred in a "private house" run by a certain captain who has the advantage of a classic education and the companionship of a woman well known about London, and a woman who gained the favor of a foreign prince years ago, and a friend of hers who is related to one of England's best families.

Young Girl a Loser.

A girl still in her teens lost \$1500 in one afternoon in a house in the neighborhood of Lancaster Gate, W., two weeks ago. A well known proprietor who had found it desirable to change his residence frequently has boasted that he has made \$250,000 in less than two years.

A short time ago a young man was before the courts charged with embezzlement and stealing a motor car, and he admitted he had lost no less than \$250,000 in five years through gambling. In the case of a German, who was said to have married the daughter of an archbishop, it was alleged that while playing baccarat the stakes were as high as \$7,500. A bankrupt recently admitted that he had lost \$20,000 through gambling, while a juvenile marquis lost a similar amount at a few sittings at baccarat.

The West End clubs are usually, of course, very handsomely fitted and chock-full of money, and the most expensive wines and cigars are provided. From the outside, however, they preserve the same air of mysterious respectability which characterizes the "best" gambling houses in Manhattan.

The French system of the "cagnotta" or percentage of winnings, is used. In chemin de fer the cagnotta takes 5 per cent of the winnings of each bank; that is, if the banker puts up a bank of \$50 and wins the cagnotta takes \$2.50. The bank then consists of \$47.50, and if he wins again he takes \$50, rather more than 5 per cent. If the bank, which is now \$1.25, goes a third time and wins the cagnotta takes \$1.25, and so on. On the other hand, if the "piker" wins the cagnotta takes nothing.

There are half a dozen chemin de fer clubs, where every night at least \$100,000 is won and lost and at least \$5,000 paid to the cagnotta.

One of the most unfortunate aspects of the gambling craze seems to be that it is chiefly patronized, in the West End at least, by men of the highest position. Army officers and a good many members of Parliament are frequent players. A young officer high in army circles is now, through two months' leave, spending his time quietly in Belgium, and it is said he is trying to recoup at Ostend what he lost in London.

Women and Girls Gamble.

Another of the saddest features about the whole business is the gambling among women and girls. The typical remark made is, "Oh, every one we know gambles." A society woman explaining why she only allowed her daughter to go a year said: "Oh, she's such a good bridge player, she can easily make \$5,000."

But pitted against these successful women players are the cases of the losers, among them that of an officer's wife who gambled for such high stakes that her losses nearly ruined the family life; that of a married woman who, for the first time, after losing \$100,000 in a single night, shot herself through the head, and that of a young girl who was so heavily in debt to an inveterate gambler that she sold her obligations with her honor.

The catching of customers for the gambling houses is a systematic business. Well dressed, agreeable young men frequent West End restaurants and make acquaintance. After a night or two they suggest a place "where I know we can get another drink. There may be some card games, but I wouldn't play if I were you—just look."

The underling from Oxford, or the suburbanite from Aldershot, or the rich manufacturer's son or American visitor is always "just meat" for these steers.